Catholiq Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE JUTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite que sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.-Matt. 22: 21.

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NOTES.

The death of John Mandeville, a young Irish Nationalist in prison, adds another to the many tragedies to be laid the door of Mr. Balfour's administration of Ireland. In the House of Commons on Wednesday, Mr. Parnell said that an inquest would reveal the fact that Mr. Mandeville was terribly ill-treated while in prison. He was compelled to pass the night lying on a plank, and was deprived even of a blanket, and passed the time in solitary confinement in a cell unfit for human habitation.

Irish prison officials, it is believed, have taken warning from the death of Mr. Mandeville, Mr. Dillon, M.P., having since then experienced more careful treatment.

A pastoral letter recently issued by His Eminence Card inal Manning presents a very interesting statement of the Catholicity in England since the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. Within the space of twenty years, twenty new churches have been erected in London alone, without including the sixteen or seventeen chaples that are attended from a distance. The greater part of these were begun under the most adverse circumstances, the congregations being unable to support a priest. The zeal and self-denial of the clergy is beyond all praise. They have struggled through poverty, depriving themselves for the sake of their schools and their poor, and withal ever cheerful and contented. The Cardiual concludes with the instructive reflection that of all the works agreeable to God, the best is the formation of a priest—"that divine instrument for the salvation of a multitude of souls."

The startling information has somehow or another leaked out, says the Nation, that Mr. Balfour, while sunning himself the other day in one of the London parks, got stung by a malicious wasp. It has not been announced to what nationality this insect belonged; but it is shrewdly suspected that it must have been an emigrant from the Emerald Isle. A subterranean correspondent, however, furnishes another version of the story, according to which it was not the wasp which stung Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Balfour who stung the wasp! Our correspondent's version is far the more probable of the two.

We are reminded, in connection with the death of Mr.

Mandeville, that Mr. T. P. O'Connor's paper, the Star, has published a detailed account—prepared by Mr. J. J. Clancy, M. P.—of the treatment to which Irish political prisoners are subjected. In acknowledging the receipt of an advanced proof, Mr. Gladstone wrote to the effect that he hoped the accuracy of the recital was ensured in every particular. "I have," he said "been reminded, on the persual of them, to offer this observation, because to a reader of them—especially if he bears in mind that they belong to this age and to this country—they are so revolting, that he cannot but hope to find them in this or that point inaccurate."

The Western Watchman of St. Louis says:—"A leading Presbyterian journal of the South discussing the plan of Catholic colouization of the South recently formed by Cardinal Gibbons and other Southern bishops at Warm Springs, N. C., gravely says the Protestants of the whole South should be on their guard, that Rome meant nothing short of the destruction of the faith and morals of the Protestant South." How very horrible!

Our Old Country exchanges to hand this week agree that the debate on Mr. Morley's motion respecting the administration of the Coercion Act was, as far as the speeches were concerned, a victory for the Liberals and Home Rulers. After three such speeches as those delivered by Messrs. Gladstone, O'Brien, and John Morley, the Government had a victory only in name. The narrow majority mustered in the House is as nothing. The speeches of the conservative leaders were weak and disappointing; all argument and all justice were on the side of the opposition.

" Mr Goschen," says one paper, has the reputation of being the best debater on the Government benches. Yet the speech he delivered was wretchedly weak. The explanation of his failure lies in the fact that the arraignment against which he had to stand was powerful, crushing and strong; that, above all, it was founded on the solid basis of justice and truth. But if Mr. Goschen was poor, what shall be said of Mr. Chaplin? The platitudes which provide the Tory armaments were already exhausted, and their painful repetition was the only course left him to follow. Mr. Chaplin replying to a speech of Mr. Gladstone is one of the ridiculous scenes so rapidly growing familiar. A bum-boat attacking a three-decker furnished the only appropriate parallel: Bad as was the Government case it never appeared to such disadvantage till lit up by the lurid fire of Mr. O'Brien's magnificent oration. Eloquence such as that displayed in his speech has seldom been heard in the House since the days of Sheridan and Pitt. From a purely literary standpoint the form and the manner were excellence itself. Nor is its praise merely for literary finish and workmanship. Judged by the matter it contained it is equally entitled to all the euology that can be bestowed upon a speech teeming with points and loaded with facts.

The full effect of the debate will be felt on the voters of England, who have long been misled. Now in possession of the facts about Irish misgovernment, and being by nature lovers of justice, there is every hope that a speedy effect of the great debate will be the thorough reform of

administration in Ireland.